

A

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. FOLLEN.

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DISCOURSE.

[On the 13th of January, the steamboat Lexington was burnt on Long Island Sound, about fifty miles from New York. Of the crew and passengers only four escaped. Among the lost was the Rev. Charles Follen, LL. D. These circumstances gave occasion to the following discourse, which was deferred, until all hope of the escape of Dr. Follen was taken away.]

1 PETER, iv. 19. — WHEREFORE, LET THEM THAT SUFFER ACCORDING TO THE WILL OF GOD COMMIT THE KEEPING OF THEIR SOULS TO HIM IN WELL-DOING, AS UNTO A FAITHFUL CREATOR.

THESE words suggest a great variety of thoughts, and might furnish topics for many discourses. I ask now your attention to the clause, in which we read of "them that suffer according to the will of God," or by divine ordination. I wish to speak of the sufferings of life in general, of their greatness, of their being ordained or intended by God, and of their consistency with his goodness, and I shall close with reflections suggested by the particular suffering which we have recently been called to deplore.

Suffering fills a large place in the present system. It is not an accident, an exception to the course of nature, a "strange work" exciting wonder as a prodigy, but it enters into every life, and may I not say enters largely into every life. Youth

is slow to see this. Youth, unable to sympathize with and appreciate sorrows which it has not felt, and throwing the light of its own native joyousness over the future, dreams sometimes of a paradise on earth. But how soon does it find that blighting changes, solemn events, break in sternly, irresistibly on its path ! And even when the outward life is smooth and prosperous, how soon does it find in its vehement affections, its unrequited friendships, its wounded pride, its unappeased thirst for happiness, fountains of bitterer grief than comes from abroad. Sometimes the religious man, with good intentions, but wanting wisdom and strength, tries to palliate the evils of life, to cover its dark features, to exaggerate its transient pleasures, for the purpose of sheltering God's goodness from reproach. But this will not avail. The truth cannot be hidden. Life is laid open to every eye, as well as known by each man's experience ; and we do and must see that suffering, deep suffering is one of the chief elements in our lot. It is not a slender, dark thread, winding now and then through a warp of dazzling brightness ; but is interwoven with the whole texture. Not that suffering exceeds enjoyment ; not that life, if viewed simply in reference to pleasure, is not a great good. But to every man it is a struggle. It has heavy burdens, deep wounds for each ; and this, I state, that we may all of us understand, that suffering is not accidental, but designed for us, that it enters into God's purpose, that it has a great work to do, and that we know nothing of life till we comprehend its uses, and have learned how to accomplish them.

God intends that we shall suffer. It is sometimes said that he has created nothing for the purpose of giving pain, but that every contrivance in the animal system has good for its object. The teeth are made to prepare food for digestion, not to ache ; the lungs, to inhale the refreshing air, not to ripen the seeds of consumption. All this is true, and a beautiful illustration of kind purpose in the Creator. But it is also true, that every

organ of the body, in consequence of the delicacy of its structure, and its susceptibility of influences from abroad, becomes an inlet of acute pain. It is a remarkable fact, that we know the inward organs chiefly by the pain they have given. The science of anatomy has grown almost wholly out of the exposure of the frame to suffering; and what an amount of suffering springs from this source! A single nerve may thrill us with agony. Sleep, food, friends, books, all may be robbed of their power to interest, by the irritation of a little bunch of fibres, which the naked eye can hardly trace. After the study of ages, the science of medicine has not completed the catalogue of diseases; and how little can its ministrations avert their progress, or mitigate their pains! Undoubtedly this class of pains may be much diminished by a wise self-restraint; but the body, inheriting disease from a long line of ancestors, and brought into conflicts with the mighty elements around it, must still be the seat of much suffering. These elements, how grand, how expressive of God's majesty and goodness; yet how fearful! What avails the strength of the body against thunders, whirlwinds, fierce waves, and fiercer flames, against "the pestilence which walketh in darkness," or the silent exhalation which wasteth at noon-day. Thus pain comes from God's provisions for the animal frame; and how much comes from the spirit, and from the very powers and affections which make the glory of our nature! Our reason, how is it darkened by prejudice instilled in early years; how often is it called to decide amidst conflicting and nearly balanced arguments; how often does its light fail, in the most critical moments of life! How do we suffer from wrong judgments which we had no means to correct! How often does this high power sympathize with the suffering body, and, under nervous disease, sometimes undergo total eclipse! Then our Love, the principle, which thirsts, burns for companionship, sympathy, confidence, how often is it repelled by coldness, or wounded by neglect; or tor-

tured by inconstancy ! Sometimes its faith in virtue is shaken by the turpitude of those to whom it has given its trust. And when true love finds true requital, the uncertainty of life mixes trembling with its joy, and bereavement turns it into anguish. There are still deeper pains, those of the conscience, especially when it wakes from long sleep, when it is startled by new revelation of slighted duties, of irreparable wrongs to man, of base unfaithfulness to God. The conscience ! what misgivings, apprehensions, and piercing self-rebuke accompany its ministry, when it first enters on earnest warfare with temptation and passion ! Thus suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature, the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest. It wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance, over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.

I have thus taken a rapid survey of Life to show you that suffering is not an accident, not something which now and then slides into the order of events, because too unimportant to require provision against its recurrence, but that it is one of the grand features of life, one of the chief ministers of Providence. But all these details of suffering might be spared. There is one simple thought, sufficient of itself to show that suffering is the intention of the Creator. It is this. We are created with a susceptibility of pain, and severe pain. This is a part of our nature, as truly as our susceptibility of enjoyment. God has implanted it, and has thus opened in the very centre of our being a fountain of suffering. We carry it within us, and can no more escape it than we can our power of thought. We are apt to throw our pains on outward things as their causes. It is

the fire, the sea, the sword, or human enmity which gives us pain. But there is no pain in the fire or the sword, which passes thence into our souls. The pain begins and ends in the soul itself. Outward things are only the occasions. Even the body has no pain in it, which it infuses into the mind. Of itself, it is incapable of suffering. This hand may be cracked, crushed in the rack of the inquisitor, and that burnt in a slow fire; but in these cases it is not the fibres, the blood vessels, the bones of the hand which endure pain. These are merely connected by the will of the Creator with the springs of pain in the soul. Here, here is the only origin and seat of suffering. If God so willed, the gashing of the flesh with a knife, the piercing of the heart with a dagger, might be the occasion of exquisite delight. We know that, in the heat of battle, a wound is not felt, and that men, dying for their faith by instruments of torture, have expired with triumph on their lips. In these cases, the spring of suffering in the mind is not touched by the lacerations of the body, in consequence of the absorbing action of other principles of the soul. All suffering is to be traced to the susceptibility, the capacity of pain, which belongs to our nature, and which the Creator has implanted ineradicably within us. It is not enough to say, that the elements, or any outward or bodily influences, are the sources of suffering. This is to stop at the surface. The outward agent only springs a mine, a fountain within us. Oh the great deep of suffering in every human breast! Probably most of us have experienced pains more intense than any pleasures we have ever enjoyed. In the present stage of our being, the capacity of agony gets the start of, or is more largely developed, than the capacity of rapturous joy. Our most vehement emotions are those of sorrow; nor is there any way of escaping suffering. Among the most prosperous, the heart often aches, it knows not why. Sighs are heaved from the breast apparently without cause. Every soul has its night as well as its day; and a darkness sometimes

gathers over nature and life which must come from within, for nothing abroad has occurred to depress us.

To diminish this weight of suffering is one great end of human toils and cares. A thousand arts are plied to remove outward causes of pain ; and how many contrivances are there of amusement and dissipation, to quiet the restlessness, to soothe the irritations, to fill the aching void, which belong to the spirit. But, I apprehend, little has been yet achieved by all the labor ; nor can much be done but by a deep working, which statesmen and the busy crowd seldom or never dream of. It is thought indeed, that modern civilization has diminished very much the evils of life. But when we take into the account the immense amount of toil by which our accommodations are accumulated, and the tendencies of comforts and luxuries to soften the spirit, to weaken its self-command and increase its sensibility to hardships and exposure, I suspect that our debt is not very great to civilization, considered as the antagonist of physical pain ; and as to the sufferings which spring from mental causes, from the conscience, the passions, the affections, we cannot doubt, that as yet they have been vastly heightened by our civilization. Not that I deny, that arts and civilization are great goods ; but they prove such, only when they make progress, in union with the higher principles of our nature, only when they forward and are subordinated to a spiritual regeneration, of which society as yet gives few signs.

It may be said, that I have given a dark picture of the government of God ; and I may be asked how his goodness is to be vindicated. I reply, that I am less and less anxious to make formal vindications of the goodness of God. It needs no advocate. It will take care of itself. In spite of clouds, men, who have eyes, believe in the sun, and none but the blind can seriously question the Creator's goodness. We hear indeed of men led into doubts on this point by their sufferings ; but these

doubts have generally a deeper source than the evils of life. Such skepticism is a moral disease, the growth of some open or lurking depravity. It is not created, but brought into light, by the pressure of suffering. It is indeed true, that a good man, in seasons of peculiar, repeated, pressing calamities, may fall into dejection and perplexity. His faith may tremble for the moment. The passing cloud may hide the sun. But deliberate, habitual questionings of God's benevolence argue great moral deficiency. Whoever sees the glory and feels within himself the power of disinterested goodness, is quick to recognise it in others, especially in his Creator. He sees in his own love a sign, expression, and communication of Uncreated, Unbounded, All-originating Love. The idea of malignity in the Infinite Creator shocks his moral nature, just as a palpable contradiction offends his reason. He repels it with indignation and horror. Suffering has little to do towards creating a settled skepticism. The most skeptical men, the most insensible to God's goodness, the most prone to murmur, may be found among those, who are laden above all others with the goods of life, whose cup overflows with prosperity, and who by an abuse of prosperity have become selfish, exacting, and all alive to inconveniences and privations. These are the cold-hearted and doubting. If I were to seek those, whose conviction of God's goodness is faintest and most easily disturbed, I would seek them in the palace sooner than the hovel. I would go to the luxurious table, to the pillow of ease, to those among us who abound most to the self-exalting, the self-worshipping, not to the depressed and forsaken. The profoundest sense of God's goodness, which it has been my privilege to witness, I have seen in the countenance, and heard from the lips of the suffering. I have found none to lean on God with such filial trust, as those whom he has afflicted. I doubt indeed if true gratitude and true confidence ever spring up in the human soul, until it has suffered. A superficial, sentimental recognition of God's goodness may

indeed be found among those who have lived only to enjoy. But deep, strong, earnest piety strikes root in the soil which has been broken and softened by calamity. Such, I believe, is the observation of every man who has watched the progress of human character; and therefore I say, that I fear very little the influence of suffering in producing skepticism. Still, virtuous minds are sometimes visited with perplexities, with painful surprise; and in seasons of peculiar calamity, the question is asked with reverence, but still with anxiety, How is it, that so much suffering is experienced under a being of perfect goodness; and such passing clouds are apt to darken us in earlier life, and in the earlier stages of the Christian character. On this account, it is right to seek and communicate such explanations as may be granted us of the ways of God.

One of the most common vindications of divine benevolence is found in the fact, that, much as men suffer, they enjoy more. We are told, that there is a great balance of pleasure over pain, and that it is by what prevails in a system, that we must judge of its author. This view is by no means to be overlooked. It is substantially true. There is a great excess of enjoyment, of present good in life. The pains of sickness may indeed be intenser than the pleasures of health, but health is the rule and sickness the exception. A few are blind, or deaf, or speechless; but almost all men maintain, through the open eye and ear, perpetual communication with outward nature and one another. Some may be broken down with excessive toil; but to the great mass of men, labor is healthful, invigorating, and gives a zest to repose, and to the common blessings of life. We all suffer more or less from our connexion with imperfect fellow creatures; but how much more of good comes to us from our social nature, from the sympathies and kind offices of families, friends, neighbors, than of pain from malignity and wrongs. There is indeed a great amount of suffering, and there is an intensity in suffering not found in pleasure; and yet,

when we take a broad view, we must see a much greater amount of gratification. The world is not a hospital, an almshouse, a dungeon. A beautiful sun shines on it. Flowers and fruits deck its fields. A reviving atmosphere encompasses it, and man has power by arts and commerce to multiply and spread almost indefinitely its provisions for human wants. Here is an eloquent testimony to the goodness of the Creator. And yet the obstinate skeptic may escape its power. He will say, Be it granted, that pleasure prevails over pain ; still is not much pain inflicted ? and how can this be reconciled with perfect goodness ? Does a kind father satisfy himself with giving a greater amount of enjoyment than of suffering ? Suppose a parent to heap on a child every possible indulgence for twenty hours of the day, and to visit him with severe pain the remaining four, should we celebrate his tenderness ? Besides, it will be added, are there not individual cases, in which suffering outweighs enjoyment ? Are there none, whose lives have been filled up with disease and want ; and be these ever so few, they disprove God's love to every human being, if this love is to be vindicated by the excess of pleasure over pain. I state these objections, not because they weigh in the least on my own mind, but because they show, that the argument in favor of divine goodness, drawn from the passing events of life, is not of itself a sufficient foundation for faith to rest on. Whoever confines his view to the alternations of good and evil in every man's lot, cannot well escape doubt. We must take higher ground. We must cease to count pleasures and pains, as if working a sum in arithmetic, or to weigh them against each other as in scales. We need larger views of ourselves and the universe, and these will more and more establish our faith in the perfection of God.

There is a grand vindication of God's benevolence, not reaching indeed to every case of suffering, not broad enough to cover the whole ground of human experience, but still so comprehensive, so sublime, as to assure us, that what

remains obscure would be turned into light, could all its connexions be discerned. This is found in the truth, that benevolence has a higher aim than to bestow enjoyment. There is a higher good than enjoyment; and this requires suffering in order to be gained. As long as we narrow our view of benevolence, and see in it only a disposition to bestow pleasure, so long life will be a mystery; for pleasure is plainly not its great end. Earth is not a paradise, where streams of joy gush out unbidden at our feet, and uncloying fruits tempt us on every side to stretch out our hands and eat. But this does not detract from God's love; because he has something better for us than gushing streams or profuse indulgence. When we look into ourselves, we find something besides capacities and desires of pleasure. Amidst the selfish and animal principles of our nature, there is an awful power, a sense of Right, a voice which speaks of Duty, an idea grander than the largest personal interest, the Idea of Excellence, of Perfection. Here is the seal of Divinity on us; here the sign of our descent from God. It is in this gift that we see the benevolence of God. It is in writing this inward law on the heart, it is in giving us the conception of Moral Goodness, and the power to strive after it, the power of self-conflict and self-denial, of surrendering pleasure to duty, and of suffering for the right, the true, and the good; — it is in thus enduing us, and not in giving us capacities of pleasure, that God's goodness shines; and of consequence whatever gives a field, and excitement, and exercise, and strength, and dignity to these principles of our nature is the highest manifestation of benevolence. I trust I speak a language, to which all who hear me in some measure respond. You know, you feel the difference between excellence and indulgence, between conscience and appetite, between right doing and prosperity, between strivings to realize the idea of perfection and strivings for gain. No one can wholly overlook these different elements within us; and can any one question

which is God's greatest gift, or for what ends such warring principles are united in our souls?

The end of our being is to educate, bring out, and perfect, the divine principles of our nature. We were made and are upheld in life for this as our great end, that we may be true to the principle of duty within us; that we may put down all desire and appetite beneath the inward law; that we may en-throne God, the infinitely perfect Father, in our souls; that we may count all things as dross, in comparison with sanctity of heart and life; that we may hunger and thirst for righteousness, more than for daily food; that we may resolutely, and honestly seek for and communicate truth; that disinterested love and impartial justice may triumph over every motion of selfishness and every tendency to wrong doing; in a word, that our whole lives, labors, conversation, may express and strengthen reverence for ourselves, for our fellow creatures, and above all for God. Such is the good for which we are made; and in order to this triumph of virtuous and religious principles we are exposed to temptation, hardship, pain. Is suffering then inconsistent with God's love?

Moral, spiritual excellence, that which we confide in and revere, is not, and from its nature cannot be an instinctive, irresistible feeling infused into us from abroad, and which may grow up amidst a life of indulgence and ease. It is, in its very essence, a free activity, an energy of the will, a deliberate preference of the right and the holy to all things, and a chosen cheerful surrender of everything to these. It grows brighter, stronger, in proportion to the pains it bears, the difficulties it surmounts. Can we wonder that we suffer? Is not suffering the true school of a moral being? As administered by Providence, may it not be the most necessary portion of our lot?

Had I time I might show how suffering ministers to human excellence; how it calls forth the magnanimous and sublime

virtues, and at the same time nourishes the tenderest, sweetest sympathies of our nature ; how it raises us to energy and to the consciousness of our powers, and at the same time infuses the meek dependence on God ; how it stimulates toil for the goods of this world, and at the same time weans us from it, and lifts us above it. I might tell you, how I have seen it admonishing the heedless, reproving the presumptuous, humbling the proud, rousing the sluggish, softening the insensible, awakening the slumbering conscience, speaking of God to the ungrateful, infusing courage and force and faith and unwavering hope of Heaven. I do not then doubt God's beneficence on account of the sorrows and pains of life. I look without gloom on this suffering world. True ; suffering abounds. The wail of the mourner comes to me from every region under heaven ; from every human habitation, for death enters into all ; from the ocean, where the groan of the dying mingles with the solemn roar of the waves ; from the fierce flame, encircling, as an atmosphere or shroud, the beloved, the revered. Still all these forms of suffering do not subdue my faith, for all are fitted to awaken the human soul, and through all it may be glorified. We shrink indeed with horror, when imagination carries us to the blazing, sinking vessel, where young and old, the mother and her child, husbands, fathers, friends, are overwhelmed by a common, sudden, fearful fate. But the soul is mightier than the unsparing elements. I have read of holy men, who, in days of persecution, have been led to the stake, to pay the penalty of their uprightness, not in fierce and suddenly destroying flames, but in a slow fire ; and, though one retracting word would have snatched them from death, they have chosen to be bound ; and, amidst the protracted agonies of limb burning after limb, they have looked to God with unwavering faith and sought forgiveness for their enemies. What then are outward fires to the celestial flame within us ? And can I feel, as if God had ceased to love, as if

man were forsaken of his Creator, because his body is scattered into ashes by the fire? It would seem, as if God intended to disarm the most terrible events of their power to disturb our faith, by making them the occasions of the sublimest virtues. In shipwrecks we are furnished with some of the most remarkable examples, that history affords, of trust in God, of unconquerable energy, and of tender, self-sacrificing love, making the devouring ocean the most glorious spot on earth. A friend rescued from a wreck told me, that a company of pious Christians, who had been left in the sinking ship, were heard from the boat in which he had found safety, lifting up their voices not in shrieks or moans, but in a joint hymn to God, thus awaiting, in a serene act of piety, the last, swift approaching hour. How much grander was that hymn than the ocean's roar! And what becomes of suffering, when thus awakening into an energy otherwise unknown the highest sentiments of the soul. I can shed tears over human griefs; but thus viewed they do not discourage me; they strengthen my faith in God.

I will not say, that I have now offered a sufficient explanation of the evils of life, a complete vindication of God's Providence in the permission of suffering. Do not think me so presumptuous. What! shall a weak man, who is but dust and ashes, talk of vindicating fully the providence of God? That providence, could I explain it, would not be Infinite. In this our childhood, plunged as we are into the midst of a boundless universe, we must expect to find mysteries on every side of us. Darkness must hem in all our steps. I presume not to say why this or that event has befallen us. I bow my head with filial reverence before the Infinite Disposer. How little of him do I, can I comprehend. Still he vouchsafes to us some light in this our darkness. Still he has given us, in our own spirits, some cheering revelations of the designs of his vast mysterious providence; and these we are gratefully

to receive, and to use them as confirmations of our faith and hope.

I have been led to this subject by the appalling calamity, which for a few days past has filled so many of our thoughts, and awakened universal sympathy in our community. I was driven by this awful visitation of God's providence to turn my mind to the sufferings of human life, and some of my reflections I have now laid before you. It is not my desire to bring back to your imaginations that affecting scene. Our imaginations in such seasons need no quickening. They often scare us with unreal terrors, and thus our doubts of God's goodness are aggravated by the fictions of our own diseased minds. Most of us are probably destined to pass through more painful, because more lingering deaths, than the lamented sufferers, who have within a few days been so suddenly summoned to the presence of God. The ocean is a softer, less torturing bed, than that which is to be spread for many here. It was not the physical pain which I shuddered at, when I first heard of that night of horrors. It was the mental agony of those, who, in a moment of health and security, were roused to see distinctly the abyss opening beneath them, to see God's awful ministers of fire and sea commissioned to sunder at once every hold on life, and to carry them so unwarned into the unknown world. Even this agony, however, in the first moment of our grief and horror, was perhaps exaggerated. When my mind, composed by time, now goes back to that flame-encircled boat, I search for one among the crowd, who was singularly dear to me, the close and faithful friend of many years; and as he rises to my mind, I see no terror on his countenance. I see him with collected mind and quick eye looking round him for means of escape, using every energy of a fearless spirit, thoughtful too of others as well as of himself, and desisting from no efforts of love and prudence till the power of effort failed. I see indeed

one agony ; it was the thought, that the dear countenances of wife and child and beloved friend were to be seen no more on earth. I see another, perhaps deeper agony ; it was the thought of the wo, which his loss was to inflict on hearts dearer to him than life. But even at that hour his love was not all agony ; for it had always lived in union with faith. He had loved spiritually ; he had revered in his friends an infinite, undying nature ; he had cherished in them principles and hopes stronger than death. I cannot doubt that in that fearful hour, he committed them and himself with filial trust to the all-merciful Father. I cannot doubt, that death was disarmed of its worst terrors, that the spirit passed away in breathings of unutterable love and immortal hope. Thus died one of that seemingly forlorn, desolate, forsaken company ; I hope, thus others died. But one such example mingles with the terrors and agonies of that night so much that is heavenly, soothing, cheering, that I can look at the scene without overwhelming gloom, and without one doubt of the perfect goodness of God.

The friend to whom I have referred was not only my friend, but most dear to several, who worship in this house. For their sakes, more than my own, I would say something of his character ; though in truth, I have a higher object than to minister to any private grief. This is not the place for the utterance of personal feeling. This house was reared not for the glory even of the best and the greatest of men, but for the glory of God, and for the spiritual edification of his worshippers. I feel, however, that God is honored and man edified by notices of such of our race as have signally manifested the spirit of the Divinity in their lives, and have left a bright path to guide others to a better world.

The friend of whom I speak was one of the few, who seem set apart from the race by blamelessness of life and elevation of spirit. All who have had opportunities of knowing him well testify, by a spontaneous impulse, that they knew no

purser, nobler human being. Some think, that on the whole he was the best man whom it has been their privilege to know. Such a man may be spoken of even in the house of God, in that place where flattery is profanation, and God, not man, is to be adored. Our friend did not grow up among us. He came here an exile from a distant land; and, poor and unfriended, was to earn his bread with toil; and under these disadvantages he not only won friends and a home, but was adopted with a love and trust, which few inspire who have been known from infancy to age.

The character which secured such love it is not difficult to depict, because greatness is simple, artless, and lies open to every eye. It was his distinction, that he united in himself those excellencies, which at first seem to repel each other, though in truth they are of one loving family. This union was so striking, as to impress even those who did not enjoy his intimacy. For example, he was a Hero, a man of a Lion-heart, victorious over fear, gathering strength and animation from danger, and bound the faster to duty by its hardships and privations; and at the same time he was a child in simplicity, sweetness, innocence, and benignity. His firmness, which I trusted, perhaps more than that of any man, had not the least alloy of roughness. His countenance, which at times wore a stern decision, was generally lighted up with a beautiful benignity; and his voice, which expressed, when occasion required it, an inflexible will, was to many of us musical beyond expression, from the deep tenderness which it breathed.

As another example of seemingly incongruous virtues, he was singularly alive to the domestic affections. Who, that saw him in the bosom of his family, can forget the deep sympathies and the overflowing joyousness of his spirit? His home was pervaded by his love as by the sun's light. A stranger might have thought that his whole soul was centred there; and yet with these strong domestic affections he joined a love of his

race far more rare. His heart beat in unison with the mighty heart of humanity. He did not love mankind as those words are commonly used. He was knit to them by a strong living tie of brotherhood. He felt for all men, but above all for the depressed and the wronged. His mild countenance would flash fire at the mention of an injured man; not the fire of revenge, or unkindness, but of holy indignation, of unbounded love and reverence for invaded Right.

I can mention another union of qualities not always reconciled. He was a man of refined taste. He loved refined society. His manners, courteous, sweet, bland, fitted him for intercourse with the most cultivated, and he enjoyed it keenly; and yet his deepest sympathies were given to the mass of men. He was the friend of the laboring man. He had a great respect for minds which had been trained in simple habits, and amidst the toils of life; and could he have chosen the congregation to which he would minister, it would have been composed chiefly of such members.

I will mention one more union of seemingly dissimilar virtues. He was singularly independent in his judgments. He was not only uninfluenced by authority, and numbers, and interest, and popularity, but by friendship, by those he most loved and honored. He seemed almost too tenacious of his convictions. But with all this firmness of judgment, he never gave offence by positiveness, never challenged assent, never urged his dearest convictions with unbecoming warmth, never in argument passed the limits of the most delicate courtesy, and from a reverence of others' rights, encouraged the freest expression of opinion, however hostile to his own.

Such were some of the traits of this good and great man; and of these traits, which bore rule? Not a few, who saw him cursorily, remember most distinctly his singular sweetness and benignity. But had these predominated, I might not perhaps think myself authorized to pay him this extended tribute in a

Christian congregation. I should confine the utterance of my grief to the circle of private friendship. It was his calm, enlightened, Christian Heroism, which imparted to his character its singular glory. His sweetness threw a lustre over this attribute, by showing that it was no morbid enthusiasm, no reckless self-exposure; that he was not raised above danger and personal regards by vehemence of emotion. His heroism had its root and life in reason, in the sense of justice, in the disinterested principles of Christianity, in deliberate, enlightened reverence for human nature and for the rights of every human being. It was singularly free from passion. Tender and affectionate as his nature was, his sense of justice, his reverence for right, was stronger than his affections; and this was the chief basis and element of his heroic character. Accordingly, the love of freedom glowed as a central, inextinguishable fire in his soul; not the school-boy's passion for liberty, caught from the blood-stained pages of Greece and Rome, but a love of freedom, resting on and blended with the calmest knowledge, growing from clear, profound perceptions of the nature, and destiny, and inalienable rights of man. He felt to the very depth of his soul, that man, God's rational, immortal creature, was worth living for and dying for. To him, the most grievous sight on earth was not misery in its most agonizing forms; but the sight of man oppressed, trodden down by his brother. To lift him up, to make him free, to restore him to the dignity of a man, to restore him to the holy hope of a Christian, — this seemed to him the grandest work on earth, and he consecrated himself to it with his whole soul. I felt habitually in his presence, that here was a man ready at any moment to shed his blood for truth and freedom. For his devotion to human rights, he had been exiled from his home and native country; he had been hunted by arbitrary power in foreign lands, and had sought safety beyond an ocean. But peril and persecution, whilst they had tempered his youthful enthusiasm, had only wrought

more deeply into his soul the principles for which he had suffered, and his resolution, in growing calmer, had grown more invincible.

His greatness had one of the chief marks of reality ; it was unpretending. He had no thought of playing the part of a hero. He was never more himself, never more unstudied, spontaneous, than in the utterance of generous sentiments. His greatness was immeasurably above show, and above the arts by which inferior minds thrust themselves on notice. There was a singular union in his character of self-respect and modesty, which brought out both these qualities in strong relief. He was just to himself without flattery, and too single-hearted and truthful to seek or accept flattery from others. He made no merit, nor did he talk, of the sufferings, past or present, which he had incurred by faithfulness to principle. In truth, he could hardly be said to suffer, except through solicitude for what he might bring on those who were dearer to him than himself. It was a part of his faith, that the highest happiness is found in that force of love and holy principle, through which a man surrenders himself wholly to the cause of God and mankind ; and he proved the truth in his own experience. Though often unprosperous and often disappointed, his spirit was buoyant, cheerful, overflowing with life, full of faith and hope, often sportive, and always open to the innocent pleasures which sprung up in his path.

He was a true Christian. The character of Christ was his delight. His faith in immortality had something of the clearness of vision. He had given himself much to the philosophical study of human nature, and there were two principles of the soul on which he seized with singular force. One of these was "the Sense of the Infinite," — that principle of our nature which always aspires after something higher than it has gained, which conceives of the Perfect, and can find no rest but in pressing forward to Perfection. The other was "the free will

of man," which was to him the grand explanation of the mysteries of our being, and which gave to the human soul inexpressible interest and dignity in his sight. To him, life was a state, in which a free being is to determine himself, amidst sore trials and temptations, to the Right and the Holy, and to advance towards perfection. His piety took a character from these views. It was eminently a filial piety. He might almost be said to have no name for God but Father. But then God was not to his view a fond, indulgent father, but a wise parent, sending forth his child, to be tried and tempted, to suffer and contend, to watch and pray, and amidst such discipline, to approve and exalt his love towards God and mankind.

Such were the grand traits of our departed friend. He was not good as most of us are, faithful to duty, when duty is convenient, loyal to truth, when truth is shouted from the crowd. He loved virtue for herself, loved her when her dowry was suffering, and therefore I deem him worthy to be spoken of thus largely in Christ's church. The world has its temples in which its favorites, the powerful, the successful, may be lauded. But he only is fit to be commemorated in a Christian church, who has borne the cross, who has left all for duty and Christ. Not that I mean to speak of our friend as perfect. He fell below his standard. He was a partaker of human infirmities. He carried with him human guilt. He has gone not to plead his merits, but to cast himself on the mercy of his Creator.

My thoughts have been so attracted to his moral qualities, that I have neglected to speak of his intellectual powers. These were of a high order. His intellect had the strength, simplicity, and boldness of his character. Without rashness, it shrunk from nothing that bore the signature of truth. He was given chiefly to the higher philosophy, which treats of the laws, powers, and destinies of the human soul. He hoped to live to

complete a work on this subject. I presume that, next to the discharge of all duty, this was the object he had most at heart; and though I differed from him as to some fundamental doctrines, I shared in his strong desire of giving his views to the world. His theory stood in direct hostility to Atheism, which confounds man with nature; to Pantheism and Mysticism, which confound man with God; and to all the systems of Philosophy and religion, which ascribe to circumstances or to God an irresistible influence on the mind. The Free-Will, through which we create our own characters, through which we become really, not nominally, responsible beings, and are fitted to sustain, not physical, but moral relations to God and the universe, this was his grand principle; and he followed it out to all its consequences, with his characteristic decision. But he was not confined to abstract subjects. He had studied moral science, history, and the civil law profoundly. He had given much thought to Christianity and the Church. His acquisitions of knowledge were various, his taste refined, and his power of expression great. His thoughts, often original, were robed in beauty from an imagination, which received fresh, genial, quickening influences from his moral nature. His intellect, however, had one quality, which, whether justly or not, prevented its extensive action on our community. It did not move fast enough for us. It was too deliberate, too regular, too methodical, too anxious to do full justice to a subject, for such an impatient people as we are. He did not dazzle men by sudden, bold, exaggerated conceptions. In his writings he seemed compelled to unfold a subject in its order; and sometimes insisted on what might have been left to the quick conception of the hearer. Hence he was thought by some to want animation and interest as a preacher, whilst by others his religious instructions and his prayers were felt to be full of life and power. The effect of his eloquence was often diminished by his slow, deliberate utterance; a habit, which, as a

foreigner anxious to pronounce our language with perfect accuracy, he could hardly help contracting. Of late, however, his freedom and earnestness had increased; and his preaching was listened to with delight by those, who insist most on animation of thought and manner. Indeed to his last moment he was growing in the desire and the power to do good.

Thus he lived; nor is he to be compassionated, because in the midst of such a life he was suddenly taken away. Our imaginations associate a peculiar terribleness with death, when it comes without warning, in the form of tempest, lightning, fire, and raging waves. But within and beneath these awful powers of nature, there is another and mightier power. These are only God's ministers; and through these he separates from earthly bonds the spirit, which he has watched over and prepared for nearer access to himself. Perhaps were our minds more elevated, it would seem to us worthier of a man, more appropriate to his greatness, to fall under these mighty powers, to find a grave in these unbounded elements, than to sink by slow disease and to be consigned to the dark, narrow tomb. Our friend lived the life of a man and a Christian to the last hour. His life, though not prosperous in our common language, had yet yielded him the best blessings of the present state. If strangers had not heard his name, he was cherished, honored, as few men are, by those who knew him best; and if extensive possessions were denied him, he owned what is worth more than the wealth of worlds, a happy home, consecrated by intelligence, piety, and a celestial love. Who had greater cause than he to rejoice in life? nor ought any tears, but those which we shed for ourselves, be called forth by his death.

I have thus, my friends, spoken of a good and noble man, and I have spoken not to give relief to a full heart, nor chiefly to soothe the wounded hearts of others. This house is consecrated to God. This excellent, honored man was still a ray, and a faint ray, from the Uncreated Light. What we loved in him was

an inspiration from God ; and all admiration, which does not rise above him, falls infinitely below its true object. Let us thank God, who has manifested himself to us in this his servant, who speaks to us in all holy and noble men. Let us not stop at these. If we do, we bury ourselves in the finite, we lose the most precious influences, the holiest ministry of living and departed virtuous friends. We say of the good man whom we have lost, that he has gone to God. Let us too go to God. Let us humble ourselves before him for our past impiety, irreverence, unthankful insensibility to his infinite perfection ; and with new affection and entire obedience, let us consecrate ourselves to Him, from whose fulness all that is beautiful and glorious in the human soul and in the universe is derived.

I have spoken of the friend we have lost, that through him we should the more honor God. We may learn from him, now that he sleeps in the ocean, another lesson. We may learn the glorious power of virtue, how it can throw a brightness over the most appalling scenes of human life, and can rob the most awful forms of death of their depressing influence. To the eye of sense, what a sad spectacle was the friend we have lost, first circled with flames, then weltering in the cold, lonely sea. At the moment of hearing the sad news, a feeling of horror oppressed me ; but soon a light beamed in this darkness, and it beamed from his virtues. The thought of the spirit, which I had communed with, gradually took the place of the body, which had been taken from us under circumstances so appalling. I felt that the spirit, which had informed that body, had spoken through those lips, had beamed from that benign face, was mightier than the elements. I felt that all the waves of ocean could not quench that spark. I felt how vast, how unutterable the transition from that burning deck and pitiless sea to the repose and life of a better world. I felt, that the seal of immortality had been put on the virtue, which we had seen unfolding on our earth. Still more, his virtues

have gradually brought back to my mind his outward form divested of painful associations. As I now think of the departed, his countenance is no longer defaced by death. It rises to me in the sweetest, noblest expression which it wore in life. Thus the body, through which virtue has shed its light, becomes hallowed and immortal to the memory and the heart. And if this be true, if goodness be so Divine, as to gain and shed glory in that awful change, which dissolves the outward frame and tears us away from the earth,—shall we go on to live to the earth, to outward, material, perishing good? Shall we continue to slight, and refuse to secure imperishable virtue?

Once more, a solemn teaching comes to us from this day's meditation. Our friend was called in the midst of life, and so may we be called. How thin the barrier between time and eternity! We think this earth firmer than the sea in which he found a grave. But one false step on this firm earth may precipitate us into the tomb. Human life is not so strong, that waves and fires must join for its extinction. One ruptured artery may suspend the breath as suddenly as an ocean. From that awful scene, where so many have perished, a voice comes to us, saying, Prepare to die. So live that sudden death may only be a swifter entrance into a higher life. So live, that survivors may shed over you tears of hope as well as of sorrow, that they may find, in their remembrances of you, springs of comfort, testimonies to religion, encouragements to goodness, and proofs and pledges of immortality. So live, that the injured and oppressed, the poor and forsaken, may utter blessings on your name. So live, that if by God's mysterious Providence you also are to die in flames or in the sea, you may commit your departing spirits to Him who gave them, with humble trust, with filial prayer, with undying hope.

The following brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Follen is extracted from the Christian Examiner and the Monthly Miscellany.

DR. CHARLES FOLLEN was a native of Germany, and was born in 1795, at Romrod, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the confederated States of the German Empire. He was the second son of Christoph Follen, a counsellor at law, and afterwards a judge, who also held a place in the civil government, and from his personal character, not less than his official distinctions, was in high estimation. Part of his academical education was received in Giessen, to which place his father had removed; but he afterwards became a student of the more celebrated University of Heidelberg. While engaged in the study of the law, young Follen, with his two brothers, the one older, the other younger than himself, joined as a volunteer the troops of his native state, and as a soldier of the Allies of Europe entering France in 1814, was quartered with his regiment at Lyons, and partook in some of those memorable struggles, which finally issued in the overthrow of the government of Napoleon. At the close of his military engagement he returned to the study of his profession. While pursuing this, he became deeply interested in the movements already commenced in Germany in favor of free institutions. His love of liberty, civil and religious, uniting itself with a love of his race, and with a patriotic ardor, which he shared largely with the youth of his country, was a deep and cherished sentiment of his heart. And it was in the opening of his professional career, when he had but just passed the manly age, that by his bold defence of the rights of the communities of his native state against the exactions of the Grand Duke, he first incurred the displeasure of despotic rulers. He finished his studies in 1817, and received his diploma, as Doctor of both the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law. He then delivered lectures at the same University on various parts of jurisprudence, while he studied the practice of law. Dr. Follen af-

terwards drew up the first of those petitions to the Government of the Grand Duke, which unitedly had the effect to introduce what had the appearance at least of a constitution, a promise of which had been solemnly given at the Congress of Vienna. In the autumn of 1818, Dr. Follen accepted an invitation to deliver lectures at the University of Jena. Here he taught, in 1819, the Pandects, and the History of the Roman Law. Political persecution drove him from Jena. At this time he went to Paris, where he became acquainted with Lafayette. In the autumn of 1820, he received a call as professor of the Cantonal School of the Grisons, in Switzerland. He left Chur in the Autumn of 1821, and was appointed public lecturer at the University of Basil,—newly organized in 1817,—where he taught the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical law, besides some branches of metaphysics. He edited here, together with Dr. De Wette and others, the literary journal of the University, which contains two treatises of his, on the Destiny of Man, and on the Doctrines of Spinoza. From this position he was driven by the persecutions of the Holy Alliance. The government of the Canton of Basil,—by a repeated interference of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, joined, in the last instance, by Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne,—was at length overawed; and although contrary to their ideas of justice, compelled him, by passing a resolution of arrest, to leave the country. He embarked for the United States. Before his departure he left the following declaration to the Government:—“Whereas the *Republic* of Switzerland, which had protected so many fugitive princes, noblemen, and priests, would not protect him, who, like them, is a *Republican*, he is compelled to take refuge in the great asylum of liberty, the United States of America. His false accusers he summons before the Tribunal of God, and of public opinion. Laws he has never violated; but the heinous crime of having loved his country has rendered him guilty to such a degree, that he feels quite unworthy to be pardoned by the Holy Allies.”—In consequence of a letter from Lafayette, introducing him to Mr. Ticknor, he was appointed in 1825, a year or so after his arrival,

as German Instructor in the University at Cambridge, and in the winter of the same year delivered a course of lectures on the Civil Law in Boston. He came hither a pilgrim and a stranger, — ignorant of our language, and himself unknown, — with no brighter prospect at his first arrival, than that of sharing with a fellow emigrant in the cultivation for their subsistence of a farm among his countrymen in Pennsylvania; and now, within this short interval, his character has commanded, wherever it was known, unmingled confidence and love; thousands have heard in their own language the persuasive eloquence of his lips, and all might have been won to virtue by the yet sweeter eloquence of his life. He left his country and his kindred and his father's house, and came hither with scarce a friend to help him, but that blessed Friend, the Father and the Helper of us all; and now there are hundreds in this land, both brethren and strangers, who remember with grateful hearts and quivering lips, his offices of kindness, and this whole community are mingling their griefs with yet deeper griefs than may be uttered here for his mournful fate.